THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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NICHOLAS B. KLAINE, - EDITOR

BEFORE AND AFTER THE FOURTH.

The small boy of yester morn
Was strong and stout of limb:
Danger he laughed to scorn;
To-day what aileth him?

A crutch doth him support;
One arm is in a sling
His head is bandaged taut;
He may not play nor sing.

His face is scorched and black,
He hath but half a nose:
One ear hath jumped the track,
Both eyes are on the doze.

Filled to the very crown
Is suffering's bitter cup;
It hurts him to sit down,
It hurts him to stand up.

Still the unconquered lad,
Half speechless, whispers yet,
"You dear old Pop, I had
A bully Fourth, you bet!"
—*New Haven Register.*

Tidies and Drawn Work.

There is a newspaper story of a man who in his last illness had the strength in an unguarded moment to spring out of bed, seize a tidy and trample it under foot as a final expression of his hatred of such articles. To men who have exposed themselves to the jeers of the populace by appearing on the street with tidies hung on to the back buttons of their coats, and who have been tortured in other ways by those scraps of silk and wool with which housewives plaster their furniture, this feeling will be perfectly intelligible. Otherwise there is a great deal of fault to be found with most people's ideas of tidies. As the name implies, neatness is the first object to be secured in a tidy. It follows as a matter of course that a tidy should be of some material that can be washed.

For ordinary chairs and old-fashioned rocking-chairs, the best tidy is that crocheted out of tidy cotton. The thickness of the work offers the best protection, and it laundries perfectly. The best tidy for a rocking-chair is knit double, and this, it is urged, should be provided for the chair of the master of the house, as it needs no sort of pins and cannot be dragged off by any convenient button. A chain is made the width of the chair-back and knit around and around, making an oval, say an inch and a half wide. A chain is then knit, enclosing the projecting frame of the back, and a similar chain made on the other end. Crochet plain as before for a little distance below, and then introduce the pattern and crochet as long as desired, finishing with a fringe. When finished the tidy will slip down over the chair and need no further fastening.

The squares of white and ecru guipure lace for tidies are now sold most reasonably, and there are many ladies who can make them handsomely. There are no more suitable tidies than these, but it is a great mistake to make them up with silk and satin, for the simple reason that they cannot be washed. Pongee silk, however, is admirable for this purpose, as it laundries well. But even prettier are the squares of sheer linen. Both these and the silk can be embroidered in English crewels, with a simple spray or flower in each square, and there is nothing prettier.

Java canvas, which is cotton and delightful to work on, makes pleasant tidies. This is embroidered in cross-stitch or Holbein stitch, and is very effective. In the centers of these flowers or figures are equally adapted as an ornament. The popular tidy is the long strip of fine crash or sheer linen, with the lower end varied by bands of drawn work and embroidery in crewels, and finished with fringe of drawn threads. The embroidery of these is usually in light, delicate patterns, such as running vines in olives worked in outline stitch and wild roses, or some simple single flower. The upper end is left simply hemmed, but the decoration is carried up in occasional sprigs here and there simulating careless disorder in perfectly orderly intervals.

There is nothing more refined and beautiful than the present revival of old-fashioned drawn work. At the recent exhibition of the needle-work of the Decorative Art Society, the case including the drawn work was the most satisfactory of the exhibition. Many of the examples were wrought in fairy-like stitches, fully a half-yard deep, and the table doylies of linen were as delicate as fine lace. This *punto tirato*, as it was called, originated with the Italians, and most beautiful examples are still preserved. What is known as Mexican work is of the same description, and is highly valued. Ladies who used to do what was called hem-stitching have already been initiated into this work. For tidies intended for chairs, toilet-sets, bureaus or buffets, there is nothing handsomer. For these larger pieces the best material is a nice article of crash or coarse linen, either bleached or unbleached. First pull out the depth of the fringe, or leave the space intended for that. Begin above by pulling out the threads for an inch. The simplest treatment of this is to gather the threads into groups in a chain-stitch with a needle and fine thread, taking care to take the same threads both above and below. Afterward with a stout thread —and it gives greater variety to use ecru thread on white—gather with a chain-stitch four or three groups into one down the center. When the drawn band is wider a braid can be slipped between these groups instead, and be herring-boned down with ecru linen, or gold filoselle. Instead of the braid, the space down the center can be left undrawn, and still herring-boned. On such foundations a great variety of patterns can be made. Another important stitch in drawn work is called *point de reprise*. This consists in working solidly a group of threads by dividing them into half, and slipping the needle and thread first over, then under, like a braid. This makes a very stout stitch, and is useful in corners which are needed to be firm.

Coarser drawn work, and probably the best to practice on, is done on Java canvas, with coarse silks or crewels, the solid bands between being worked in Point Russe or Holbein stitch. I have seen a very pretty buffet cover, for nowadays all marble is to be covered over, which was finished with deep drawn work, with the sentence, "Good Diet with Wisdom best Comforteth Man," worked in old English text with outline stitch.

There is no limit to the dainty household linen that can be done in drawn work. Many of the handsomest tablecloths now have bands of drawn work, which are made to show over an undercloth of scarlet Canton flannel. Moreover, it is light, agreeable work for summer during the idle hours.—*Cor. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Hints About Hair.

Hair wears lighter, and is changed by perspiration; hence, in selecting false hair, it should be dark enough to begin with. The hair on the temples and forehead is lighter than that further back, and to be well matched requires lighter additional hair that that chosen for a switch. Brushing is the best stimulant for the hair, and should be done twice a day; fifty strokes in the morning, and again in the evening, passing the hand over the hair occasionally between strokes, is commended by ladies who have retained handsome hair beyond middle age. The ends of the hair should be clipped once a month to keep it thick and even. To do this thoroughly, the hair should be taken up in tresses, and a comb drawn through each tress, beginning at the roots and doubling the hair around the comb, so that in passing the short ends will be seen, and can be clipped. To prevent the hair falling out after an illness, six inches should be cut off each month. The cheap hair of which so much is sold is usually unwholesome stuff; it is not always real hair, and, if genuine, is not taken from the heads of living persons; finally, it does not prove to be cheap, for it is unclean, easily mats and snarls, and is so brittle that it does not wear well, or else so stiff that it is unwieldy; hence it is not cheap at any price. To test the quality of the hair, rub the ends of the switch between the fingers, and, if good, it will fall away out of the hand entirely; but if of inferior quality, it will snarl and mat together. A microscope may also be used to show if the ends of the hair are turned the wrong way.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The old proverb is illustrated by the inventors of thermometers. In England they use Fahrenheit's thermometer, the invention of a German. In Germany the thermometer of Reaumur, a Frenchman, is still the most common. In France and in many other countries the Centigrade thermometer, which was invented by the Swede Celsius, is universally adopted.

The Wrong Man.

E. W. Harleman, of Cincinnati, for the past twenty-five years car inspector for the Erie Railroad, now of the Erie & Wabash line, was in the city yesterday, and says in all his travels from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the lakes to the gulf he was never picked up for a sucker until yesterday morning. Being a stranger in the city, he was walking about, admiring the wide and dusty streets and fine business blocks, and when near the City Hall was accosted by a young man with the salutation, "Mr. Johnson, how do you do?" at the same time rushing up and extending a hand for a shake.

"You have made a mistake," said Mr. Harleman, "my name is not Johnson."

"What! ain't you James Johnson, of Chicago?"

"No, sir; my name is Harleman, and I am from Dayton, O.," responded the railroader.

The fellow apologized most profusely, adding that Mr. Harleman was the dead image of James Johnson, of Chicago, and walked off.

"A few moments later," narrates Mr. Harleman, "another man came up and extended his hand, saying, 'Ah, Mr. Harleman, I am glad to have met you. I used to know you in Dayton, O., but I presume you have forgotten me. My father is Smith, the dry-goods merchant.'"

"Of course I tumbled to the racket, then, but I said, 'So you are young Smith, are you? What are you doing up here?'"

"Came on an excursion to see the town," responded Smith.

"By what road did you come?" queried Harleman.

"By the Grand Trunk."

"Well, young man," said Harleman, "before you go any further with the confidence business you ought to post yourself on railroads. The Grand Trunk doesn't run to Dayton, as any ten-year-old boy could tell you. Then learn to distinguish between a real greenhorn and one who may possibly look like one."

"And," added Harleman, "you ought to have seen that fellow's face as he scooted?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Beeswax as a Fee.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. Governor R — used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote:

One day there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman.

"Be you the Squire?" asked the manly youth.

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tie the knot for us, right away?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you charge?"

"One dollar is the legal fee, sir."

"Will you take your pay in beeswax?"

"Yes sir, if you can't pay cash?"

"Wall, go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax."

"No," said the Squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun; "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you."

Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched the horse, upon which, Darby and Joan fashion, they had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack. On being weighed, its value was found to be only sixty cents.

"Wall," said the anxious groom, "tie the knot, and I'll fetch more wax next week."

"No, sir, I don't trust; that is against the rules of the office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying: "Come, Sall, let's go."

"I say, mister," answered Sall, with a woman's wit. "Can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?"

"Yes, I can and will," replied the Squire, laughing, and he did.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Condensed handbook for picnics this season—Carry ulsters, umbrellas, rubber overcoats; and, by the way, take a kerosene stove to warm the butter so 'twill spread.—*New Haven Register.*

—All signs fail in dry weather. Even a sign of the pledge is sometimes overlooked.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is reported that Prof. Huxley is coming to the States on an angling tour.

—Jared Bassett, of North Haven, Conn., has and wears twelve silver buttons made in 1744. Had the money which they cost been invested at that time, the interest added to the principal would have made them worth $1,764 at the present time.

—Among recent valuable additions to the British Museum are some rare Mexican books, including a few of the earliest productions of the Spanish-American press, which belonged to the President of the Emperor Maximilian's first Ministry, Don Jose Fernando Ramirez.

—*Harper's Magazine* prints a long and interesting letter from Hawthorne, written in 1851, in which he speaks hopefully of being able at no very distant day to buy a quiet and comfortable little home somewhere near the sea for $1,500 or $2,000. Literary men nowadays are hardly so modest in their expectations.

—A lady, Miss Mary Robinson, is said to be the coming English poet. She has trained herself in classic Greek until she knows the language better than a professor, and translates it into glowing English as correct as Robert Browning's and more intelligible. Her original work also shows signs of great promise, both lyric and dramatic.

—Madame Carla Serena, a traveler well-known abroad, has been visiting the most remote countries of the East during the past few years and has written a narrative of her journey which is printed in twelve volumes. Madame Carla Serena is the only lady who has been made an honorary member of all the principal Geographical Societies of Europe.

—The Paris *Gaulos* represents a passer-by as inquiring, at the funeral of Littre: "Who is this Littre?" and gives the various replies as follows: A woman —"He was the ugliest man in Paris." A young man—"He was a comical chap, who pretended that we are descended from the monkey." A business man—"He was the author of my dictionary." A priest—"He was a savant." An idler—"He was a worker." A friend—"He was a simple-hearted and good man, who lived between his wife and his daughter, both devoted to him."

HUMOROUS.

—How is this for a three years-old? An old man was passing the house, Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk stingy?"—*Springfield Union.*

—Little Johnny had been caught by his aunt teasing a fly. "Johnny," said she, "supposing some great beast a thousand times bigger than yourself should tease you and perhaps eat you all up?" "I hope," said Johnny, "he'd feel as bad as I do when I swallow a fly."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A man who was fishing for trout in the Tionesta years ago, so the story runs, caught his hook on a bag of gold and brought it safely to shore. As he looked at the gold he sadly said, "Just my luck: never could catch any fish."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Young man, beware of stock and grain speculations! If you want an "option" that is safe, get the option to the hand of a good, sensible girl of marriageable age, and put up a lot and a neat little cottage as a margin. It will be the grandest speculation you ever made, and will bring you big profits. You can stake your last dollar on that and be safe.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Small Harry had never seen a bass-viol, and when his eyes lighted on one at a public rehearsal one day, he naturally thought it the most enormous fiddle he ever beheld. He was full of questions and exclamations about it. Harry's excitement reached the highest pitch when the owner of the instrument seized and began to tune it. The little fellow rose from his seat in his eagerness, his eyes stretched to their widest extent. The performer thrummed, and boomed and twanged awhile, got the viol tuned to his liking, leaned it against a chair and sat down once more. Small Harry sank into his seat with a deep sigh of disappointment and sympathy, exclaiming: "Ah, mamma, he can't do it!"—*Boston Courier.*